

MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK



SPRINGS OF WATER

WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS

**THE HIGHLANDERS—A CHAL-
LENGE TO DEMOCRACY**

ARTHUR RAPEE

**JULY, 1930
VOLUME XV
NUMBER 2**

mountain life and work

IS PUBLISHED QUARTERLY AT BEREAL KENTUCKY, IN THE INTEREST OF FELLOWSHIP AND MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS AND THE REST OF THE NATION.

Editor Helen H. Dingman
Associate Editor Orrin L. Keener
Counsellor William J. Hutchins

Contributing Editors
Olive D. Campbell John P. McConnell
Marshall E. Vaughn John Tigert
Arthur T. McCormack

IN THIS ISSUE

EDITORIALS	1
SPRINGS OF WATER	William J. Hutchins 3
THE HIGHLANDS—A CHALLENGE TO DEMOCRACY	Arthur Raper 9
HEALTH—AN ECONOMIC PROBLEM	Marcella R. Lebmann 11
"COOPERATIVES—THE HOPE AND UNKNOWN OF THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS"	Ellsworth M. Smith 14
SUMMER, linoleum cut	John A. Spelman III 15
"A BABY ON YOUR DOORSTEP"	Frank H. Smith 20
REPORTS ON CONFERENCE ACTIONS	19, 22
THE REVIEWING STAND	23
ECHOES FROM THE FOLK FESTIVAL	24
"THAT MAKES HOME"	May Justus 26
NEWS NOTES	31

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00 PER YEAR, 30 CENTS PER COPY. ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER
Entered at the Post Office at Berea, Kentucky, as second class mail matter

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK, BEREAL KENTUCKY



N
Sout
and
take
Swit
of th
we l
more
has n
sent.
Wor
many
has

M
VO

mountain life and work

VOLUME 15

JULY, 1939

NUMBER 2

EDITORIALS

FRIEND AND COUNSELLOR

With this issue, *Mountain Life and Work* is losing the official services of a good friend, but even though for the present he is putting the Atlantic Ocean between him and the Southern Highlands, we know that he will continue to give us his support and interest, and we hope that from time to time he will speak to us through the pages of the magazine. President William J. Hutchins of Berea College has been the Counsellor of *Mountain Life and Work* since it was initiated in 1925 by Marshall Vaughn, at that time secretary of the college. When the magazine later became the official organ of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, President Hutchins continued in this capacity. Willingly he has always given sympathetic attention when the editors have turned to him with editorial or financial difficulties. Generously he has written letters of appreciation when he felt that a particularly good issue had been published. Wisely, objectively, he has always helped to make *Mountain Life and Work* representative of the mountains as a whole, and warned that even though the magazine was published at Berea and its editors had an affiliation with the college staff, it must be kept free from local entanglement.

Not only *Mountain Life and Work*, but the Southern Highlands is losing a loved counsellor and friend when President Hutchins' resignation takes effect October 1, and he leaves for Geneva, Switzerland, to work with the World Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. Later we hope to honor him with an article giving a more worthy account of the great contribution he has made to the region which we love and represent. Suffice to say now that *Mountain Life and Work* is going to miss its Counsellor and friend of many years, and that we thank him for all that he has done.

H.H.D.

FOLK DRAMA IN OUR HIGHLANDS

On Tuesday, May 9, 1939, it was my privilege to witness "The First Settlers," a play written and directed by Miss Harriette Wood, principal of Glen Eden High School, at Williba, Kentucky. What manner of play, I was wondering, should I see? I knew only that it was to be based upon an unwritten chronicle of local history.

I have frequently seen in schools and colleges in the Southern Highlands plays imported from the dramatic publishing houses in the east. These may be anything from translations of foreign authors, some of which are excellent, to "psychological" plays, decidedly up-to-date, or portrayals of English upper class domestic situations, for the acting of which mountain young people are naturally without background. Such performances at best are likely to be rather unconvincing; at their melancholy worst, they are unspeakable.

Harriette Wood is to be congratulated upon her skillful utilization of the local stories. The evening of the presentation I spoke appreciately of the play to an old friend of mine, a mother of a grown-up family, who was in the audience. She said with pride: "Yes, it was fine. I have heard that story all my life." Familiarity, in this case, did not breed contempt. It is a great satisfaction to such a person to see the events and customs of her locality presented with strength and dignity in a dramatic performance. The Southern Highlands are full of historical and contemporary dramatic episodes. History is not confined to personalities like Abe Lincoln, who were outstanding leaders in a national crisis. The texture of life, whether rural or urban, is woven out of the woof and warp of daily experience.

The acting was rich in atmosphere; a spontaneous delight animated the players. For example, the arguments about hunting, as opposed to cultivating the fields for a steady living, were entered into with gusto. These young inexperienced actors, who would have been inhibited by an "im-

ported" script, sprang into vivid life because their imaginations were deeply stirred. Their direct style, almost deceptively natural, was spontaneous and genuine. The tragic moment when George Calmes returned at the end of Act III, was an extremely difficult piece of acting. Willa Bowen, who played Nancy, said to me after the play, "I just couldn't cry." But she brought tears to a good many eyes in the audience.

The play was a fine entertainment for the community, like any other successful program. But it was much more. The performance itself was an historical event. If those who produced it should leave Williba, and even if the Glen Eden School should come to a sudden end, I would wager that for more than a generation this moving little play would remain a vivid memory within the community.

At the Mountain Folk Festivals we have had presented six original plays, which later appeared in *Mountain Life and Work*. The authors of these

plays have made valuable contributions to rural drama in the Southern Highlands. It is the hope of those interested in the folk arts that we shall be favored with additional plays at frequent intervals.

F. H. S.

OUR CONFERENCE ISSUE

In accord with the practice of many years, *Mountain Life and Work* devotes the major portion of its July number to the addresses presented at the spring Conference of Southern Mountain Workers. Those who attended the Conference will miss one or two addresses, the manuscripts of which we were unable to get.

The story by Miss Justus and the Folk Festival were not part of the Knoxville program, but we feel sure that our readers will enjoy them nonetheless.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS retires October 1 from the presidency of Berea College, Berea, Kentucky, where he has served nineteen years, to become a member of the staff of the World Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland.

MAY JUSTUS taught at Summerfield, Tennessee, for twelve years, but is now on a Julius Rosenwald fellowship for work in Southern Appalachian folklore. This permits her to devote her time to writing and research on speech and old ballads, which she describes as "very, very fascinating." The characters in "'That Makes Home'" appear also in her latest book, *The House in No-End Hollow*.

MARCELLA R. LEHMANN is Editorial Assistant on the Council on Hospital Service Plans of the American Hospital Association. Her headquarters in Chicago, Mrs. Lehmann has traveled widely in the United States in connection with her work.

ARTHUR RAPER is Research and Field Secretary of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, headquarters of which are at Atlanta. He is also acting professor of Sociology at Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia.

The Adult Education Cooperative Project of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers was begun in the fall of 1938, with ELLSWORTH M. SMITH as Director.

FRANK H. SMITH is doing much to nurture the Southern Highlands' recreation "baby" of which he speaks. Puppetry, wood-carving, folk-dancing are a few of the things he teaches in many mountain communities under the auspices of the University of Kentucky, Berea College, and the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers.

In "Summer," JOHN A. SPELMAN III gives us a glimpse of the country around his home in Pine Mountain, Kentucky.

SPRINGS OF WATER

WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS

It may be that the title of my talk this evening will be offensive to our friends from Hindman and from Buckhorn, who must feel that they have seen water enough around them and above them to last them for the rest of their natural lives. But so far as our section in eastern Kentucky is concerned, floods are rare and spasmodic incidents, while dry weather and dearth are the common lot.

Possibly too, even when the waters seem to swirl all over the precious structures which we have given our lives to build, there comes to us no fairer thought than that of springs of water.

A little while ago, I moved in thought away from our particular ridge of shale, and worked my way back into the hinterland of Palestine, and into the days of the Judges, when every man did that which was right in his own eyes; and I came upon the story of a young woman, whose name was Achsah. Othniel had won her in marriage. He incited Achsah to ask her father for a wedding gift. And she said to Caleb, "Give me a parting present; as you have settled me in the dry south country, give me some springs of water." Then Caleb gave her the upper springs and the lower springs.

Scholars tell us that to this day the valley of the springs is one of the best watered in southern Palestine; that there may be counted fourteen springs, and that even at the end of the dry season, the streams from these springs will be three or four miles long.

And to me the wonder is that our mountain people, so fond of giving their children Biblical names, should so seldom call a girl by the blessed name of Achsah, who won for the Kenizites the upper and the nether springs.

Some years ago, Charles M. Sheldon, author of *In His Steps*, gathered together a group of us teachers and asked us, "Gentlemen, what keeps you going?"

To leave Palestine, and to enter the regions of the Cumberlands and the Blue Ridge, I had thought it might be worth while if we should ask ourselves, "What keeps us going?" What are the facts which, like perennial springs of water, may

bring to us refreshment, and keep our souls alive?

But first I must take account of the skeptic over yonder in the back seat, who even now is saying, "You don't know how dry my country is. Just consider how poor is our community settlement. Our endowment has shrunk, or rather, we have no endowment; our income has dwindled. We have to face a Board, with offices in New York, who may cut our salaries or our staff at any time. You don't realize the character of our land, eroded, denuded. You don't seem to realized the way our people have been ruined by exploitation, victimized by men of great business ability and small conscience, by mountain men, many of them; you haven't read about our overpopulation of small babies and old men, the suction of the North which means the withdrawal of the vital and the virile. You never talked to a congregation like mine, which always leads me to ask, 'Who's dead? Is it Willie or Jennie who has the measles?' You don't seem to know how the old foes come ever in new disguise. No sooner does a decent road come into our country than old Fords crowd the road, carrying boys and girls down to the level country and to hell. You don't seem to know that as soon as we get a decent school in our section, some subtle bribery goes on to frustrate the little teacher who would give her boys and girls a chance."

Well, if I don't know these things, it certainly is not the fault of *Mountain Life and Work*, nor is it the fault of the programs of our Mountain Workers Conferences, to which I have listened for eighteen or nineteen years. Nor is it the fault of the boys and girls, who through two decades have made their silent appeals to us. I think I know all the dryness and the dearth. I am interested just now, however, in the springs of water, the facts which bring us refreshment.

May I speak to you first of the friendships of the years? One is reminded of the noble dead, who can no more die than God himself can die. There was a small boy in a public school in Columbus, Ohio; he was scared, and he could not do his example, and he began to cry. His teacher,

whom he thought to be the most beautiful woman in the world next to his mother, came down the aisle, crowded herself into his little seat, helped the small boy with his big example, and started him out again on the long, long trail toward a liberal education. Now that small boy is the man who speaks to you tonight, and that incident happened over six decades ago; and that woman whose name was Belle Clark has gone long ago to heaven, where she properly belongs; yet her face is as clear and dear to me as that of any of you here. Each of us has memories like that. I am reminded of the man who has been heard many times on the platform of this Conference. He often irritated me, saying things in a terse, sharp, crisp, uncompromising way, never softening, never cushioning any statement, trusting us to trust his love, trusting to our inertia to put on all needed brakes, trusting our spiritual frigidaires to cool the hot words, so that we might digest them. There is not a man or woman who has ever known Warren Wilson who has not known in his friendship refreshment as of springs of water in a dry land.

So, one will think of Miss Pettit, another of Mrs. Zande, many others will think of Mr. Campbell, the pioneer and the executive; of those who are always saying to us, "Yes, we know all about it—the crookedness of men, the crossnesses of events; but we are depending on you, we trust you;" and just as we are about to quit, with souls athirst, they bring their love and we are refreshed.

Then there are those who, while distant in the flesh, are with us in spirit. These are sorrowful days for our Miss Dingman. There she sits, apart from us, her heart listening to all that may be done and said here; the genial, democratic leader of us all, the woman of creative genius. The thought of this woman who trusts us comes to us with refreshment and blessing.

I would speak of the friends with whom you toil on behalf of the mountains. They are queer people, some of them—so sensitive, so tenacious of privilege. In any group of twelve mountain workers you will probably find as many different temperaments as were found among the disciples of Jesus: the sons of Thunder; the Peter who dictates to his Lord, even at the Last Supper, telling him how much water to use and where; the Thomas who is always insisting that he must see

the prints of the nails, the print of the spear. And yet, and yet, their love, their fellowship, their confidence in us, refreshes us as if we were drinking of springs of water.

Then may I speak of the refreshment that comes to us with the thought of those for whom, as well as with whom, we work. Some of us are toiling for little children, responsive to the slightest touch, like an organ for our hands to play upon. But no; each little child has written already with his chubby fingers his own declaration of independence. To each child for whom we work is given a throat which usually can be made to vibrate with song; to each a stomach which can be made to desire food which nourishes, rather than starves; to each child lungs which can be made to demand fresh, rather than fetid air; two hands which can be taught to provide the ordinary decencies of human life; to each a brain which can be made to appreciate the strong, the majestic, the exquisite; a brain to create the true, the beautiful, and the good; to each a heart to love and bless. Little children are the most universal and most precious possession of the mountains. The very thought of these is as refreshing as the waters of the upper and the nether springs.

There comes to us in the dry country refreshment in the thought of the boys and girls, the young men and women, whom it is ours to cherish, to guide. Their weaknesses granted, these weaknesses stir us to compassion rather than to censure. These boys and girls who have quality, who have everything but money—courage, patience, buoyancy, faith—who refuse to accept the status quo, who always seek to break through the iron rings which imprison them.

Then there are the mothers and the fathers for whom directly or indirectly we work. Here is a letter:

To Faculty at So and So College:

I don't know whether you can understand much that John has tried to tell you on this blank so thought I would write you. My husband and I are very poor, just barely have the necessities of life. He is a miner and is sick most of the time. We have six children at home so I take in sewing or do anything else that I can do to help keep the children in school. We have a little home and before I would let John leave before the end of the term I would mortgage it.

If there is any vacancies let John do every bit of work he can to help himself. He is six feet one and a

half inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and is very strong. He is quick to learn and will do anything he is asked. He has been sick two weeks in all his life. He is very clean and neat and takes good care of his body, never drank any whiskey or beer, don't curse or use any bad language. I guess you think me being his mother that I am boasting, for in this modern time boys like him are rare. But I am telling you the truth. He is just like God wants every boy to be.

I hope I have made myself plane enough that you can understand what I am asking and if you accept John I am depending on you in good faith to take care of him.

That woman depends on us, trusts us, with her greatest treasure. The thought comes to one, not specific, but refreshing as the water of a spring.

Then, too, like waters from perennial springs is the thought that the service which we are doing together, with and for the people of the mountains, means a Cause which binds us all together and should call out our highest enthusiasm all the time; the cause of the mountains. One occasionally observes a ghastly sight, the tightening of denominational bonds to the loosening of the bonds of Christian brotherhood. One of the stark tragedies of our service is the unrelieved pharisaism which refuses to recognize in any but one denomination the leading of the divine spirit, whose prayer is a travesty on the prayer of Jesus, a prayer that they all may be one, always provided that the oneness is the oneness of our particular sect.

Scarcely less pernicious is that emphasis upon the after life, the hell from which we are to be saved, and the heaven to which we are to be saved; so that there is no room for, and no need of, present cheer, present burden-bearing, present personal or social extrication. Every new mudhole, every bursting tire, every flood, every bursting bomb in Spain or China, hastens the good time coming, when a highly selected group of gentlemen and ladies, above the commonplace and the low, will meet the Lord in some air-conditioned parlor in the next world, to let the commonplace and the low go down to the more commonplace and the bottom. But we are better than our creeds. There is not one of us here who does not realize the Cause which binds us all together, the cause of a high and holy civilization in the mountains, marked, it may be, by "external austerity," marked as well by inner grace and beauty.

And then we suddenly realize that the Cause of the Mountains is one phase of the Cause of

America. These Appalachians stretch their fingers down into the regions of the South and into the regions of the North. They send many of their purest and strongest into other parts of the land. Often and often I have been asked, "Do your people go back to the mountains?" I reply that 85 per cent of them do go back; but I certainly do not think that all of them should go back. It would not have been wise for Lincoln to remain in Hodgenville until his death. The eloquence of the mountains is heard in the pulpits of the North. Even if he stays in the mountains, the mountain man belongs to the South. While he may have an artificial antipathy to the Negro, he has no natural antipathy to him. And he may do much to help solve the Negro problem, to heal the open sore of this country. In many parts of the mountains our people are not tenant farmers, yet they are close enough to the problem to understand the collapse of farm tenancy. The mountain man is a political animal, and he may have an entirely disproportionate influence in the halls of legislatures and of congresses. And swiftly one sees that the Cause of the Mountains is the Cause of America.

Then one marks the fact that the Cause of America is the Cause of Humanity. In Calcutta, the daily papers carry the news of every lynching in our country. The Nazis know and proclaim every fault of our democracy. If these mountains of ours breed lazy, lying moonshiners, bootleggers, murderers, all our talk about the world-wide civilization of brotherly men is futility. It may or may not be wise for Roosevelt in his fourth of March speech to inveigh against the tyrannies of Europe. In my judgment, the only way to meet those tyrannies and to beat them is to produce a better civilization than they can produce. Writing of one of the mountain schools, Muriel Lester speaks of its discipline and of its lovely joy. Suppose that these United States should learn and proclaim discipline and lovely joy, could there be a better answer to old world tyrannies? Thus is the Cause of the Mountains subsumed under the Cause of America, and that in turn under the Cause of Humanity. And in the thought of the entanglement of our little lives with the life of all mankind, we drink of springs of water.

As we refresh ourselves with the thought of the identification of our task with the cause of humanity, there comes to us the refreshment of the thought that our task is identified with the task which God is doing in the world, the task of the kingdom of God itself.

Some of you here this evening are too young to have lived in a world like that which was ours who began our service before the nineteen hundreds. We knew full well that there were problems to be solved, burdens to be borne; we thought that with unbandaged eyes we were facing life's agonies, but I, for one, believed with unfaltering trust that the immediate future, as well as the ultimate future, was with us. We talked much of Daybreak in Turkey; we spoke hopefully of the cause of Temperance. The Spanish War did not directly affect us very much, but gave to us a larger sense of America's world and the responsibility resting upon the American Christian. I remember well preaching about that time upon the great text which you will read in the 49th chapter of Isaiah, the sixth verse:

It is too light a thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth.

And then came the Great War, and my dreams of the peaceful evolution and expansion of the beloved community faded like the weavings of a rainbow.

We voted for prohibition, and we advocated national prohibition, many of us, because we believed that our people were ready to live a life of discipline and of lovely joy. Then came the frustration of many hopes.

But in the last twelve months there has been in our own thinking a revolutionary change, a radical disillusionment. In China, we have seen the work in which our friends have been toiling brought to external ruin; in Spain, we have seen a decision of war which seems to illustrate anew the contention that might makes right.

A careful Princeton professor, son of missionaries, said to me the other day, "It may be that we are entering once more the Dark Ages." But I remember that in the Dark Ages there were little lights kept burning in the windows of the monasteries, and in the hearts of holy men who were

consumed by the thought of Jesus and of the light which lighteth every man coming into the world. My Princeton friend said, "It may be that the book for us to read in the next years will be the Book of Job." Now there are worse books to read. It is better far to read the Book of Job than the Book of Ecclesiastes; better to say, with the ancient sufferer, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him," than to say, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Each new bomb bursting over a Chinese or a Spanish city, each new blast of brutality from the lands where once walked and talked St. Francis and Martin Luther, brings to my own heart new assurance that Jesus is the Alpha and the Omega, that "Jesus has the last word."

You will recall the story of the Frenchman who climbed with a novice one of the mountains of the Pyrenees. At night the two found shelter beneath an overhanging rock. They caught some sleep; then there came a mighty wind, the rocks swept down the mountains. The novice cried in fear, "It is the end of the world." "No," replied his friend, "this is the way dawn comes in the Pyrenees."

You go to Corinth, scene of many earthquakes, physical and political. But you note an agent of the British Bible Society, selling to the men upon the train, the Greek New Testament. He has opened the Testament to the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, where one reads: "Now abideth faith, hope, love." Along the streets of Corinth boys are hawking the old coins for which the women of Corinth sold their bodies, and for which Corinthian men gambled away their lives. The old mysteries, the old knowledges, are as strange and mysterious to us as the inscriptions of the Hittites. But faith abides, hope abides, love abides; there will never come a time when these shall be out of date; they constitute the Eternal Worth While.

Not as idle pitter patter do we utter the prayer, "Thy kingdom come." The prayer becomes the expression of a deathless conviction, a deathless hope, and in a dry place we drink of water from the nether and the upper springs.

And as we work with friends, and for God's children for the Cause, we are refreshed by the thought that the means we use correspond to the ends which we seek to achieve. It was Mr.

Warbasse of the Cooperative movement who for me first made that thought alluring, compelling. Take, by way of illustration, our work for the home. Those of you who labor in settlement and community houses seek to make these just as much like homes as possible; and those of us who fail at this point still try less directly to enhance the beauty and to strengthen the soundness of the home.

Our Christian faith was born in a home, which found temporary shelter in the stable of the inn at Bethlehem. In a carpenter's home the founder of our religion lived for more than thirty years. His dearest name, his only name for God was Father. The first recorded miracle of Jesus was for the gladness of the home, the greatest of his recorded miracles was for the integrity of a home. In the upper room of a home the Master and his disciples gathered for the Last Supper, and the Last Supper itself was but the glorification of the common meal. In the upper room of a private house the infant church was born. There was a church in the house of Philemon, another church in the home of Priscilla and Aquila. When the church has been persecuted she has always fled for refuge to the home. There have been times when the cloister and the hearth were supposed to be on different levels of religious life. In the thought of Jesus, the cloister surrounds the hearth; and in that cloister walk father and mother, and children's voices mingle with theirs, and the hearth itself becomes an altar. "The whole effort of Jesus," says Matheson, "on its human side is to make the world a cosmopolitan home. There should be no going out from the family circle into the world, there should be the bringing of the world into the family circle."

At the close of one of our Opportunity Schools in Berea, the students brought into the dining hall the products of their thirty days of special training. There were the cane-seated chairs, the weavings, the iron work, and so on. Two men brought in, with conscious pride, a model toilet, a sanitary privy. How absolutely incredible? Not so incredible as the statement of the National Emergency Council that one fifth of all southern farm houses have no toilets at all. Every effort of ours to make livable, decent, a mountain home, takes on new meaning. I follow the trail of a car

which pushes out from Homeplace, carrying the facilities for a Home Economics demonstration. The car stops before the home, we will say, of Mrs. Brown. The modest woman who drives the car asks for the use of the cabin kitchen of Mrs. Brown; about her gather nine or ten girls who live on the creek, each dressed in immaculate uniform with apron and cap, and the little woman teaches the girls, and incidentally Mrs. Brown, how to set the table, how to glorify the wayside flowers as they decorate the living room. She teaches them how to make biscuits that are not bullets, how to prepare string beans without drowning them in grease. More than a hundred girls a week, I am told, are taught thus to make a home out of a house. And in all our work of practice homes, our classes in first aid, child care, household arts, there comes new satisfaction; and the thought glorifies our work, the thought of the cosmopolitan home, of that civilization of which Grundtvig sings, "Where few have too little and fewer still too much;" a civilization high and holy, achieved by high and holy means.

Again, refreshing to me as the waters of the upper and the nether springs, is the thought that in this mountain work of ours we are calling into use the resident forces and resources of the community. Four years ago I went around certain sections of the province of Quebec with Mr. Beriau, at that time director of the peasant industries of the province. He told me that a decade ago there were few looms in the province, but that now there were 52,000 looms. He did not think that women could make much money by the sale of products of the loom, but that a woman could enrich the life of her home in the amount of \$180 to \$300 a year by that loom, which seems almost to grow out of the soil.

There is a good story told of Miss Dingman. The center for which she worked received at Christmas time from northern friends a number of boxes. And on their sleds the men of the community brought the boxes from the distant railroad. Then Miss Dingman issued the decree that these boxes were not to be used for the community Christmas, but for the aged and the sick. "We are going to have our own Christmas." Evergreens the people got from their own forests, berries from their own bushes, dolls they made out of their own

corn husks; so they had a Christmas of their own; and they got their best Christmas gift in a new self-respect, won through the utilization of their own resources.

I have always felt that Marshall Vaughn, in his County Achievement Contest, had an idea of permanent value. He did get \$5,000 from Judge Bingham of the Courier-Journal; but I am not sure that the financial prize is of the essence of the plan. Some nine counties joined in friendly emulation to see which should make the most of some hundreds of possible points. Did any man in a county put screens on his house; did any man build a toilet, or paint a house, or cooperate in mending the steps of a church house or school-house; did any man help to rebuild a county road—he did not win the prize for himself, but he did contribute to the communal task, which might win a prize for the county. This friendly emulation of counties in a revamping, redeeming enterprise meant a great advance. A man who has once caught sight of a county with decent roads, decent schools, decent churches, a man who has wrought with his fellow citizens for a Cause, is not going forevermore to be satisfied with shabbiness and squalor, and walrus-like isolation. So we are learning to lead our youth into their own credit unions, their own folk games, making use of the precious things of their own ancient mountains.

I don't think that I cry very easily; but our girls sing to the tune of Sibelius' "Finlandia" a song that pretty well breaks me up; its words are these:

Whenever God doth let us see His treasures,
His lovely treasures that he holds so dear,
Perhaps a flow'r, perhaps a radiant sunset,
Perhaps a streamlet, sparkling and clear,
Whenever God doth let us see His treasures,
'Tis then we know that He is near.

Whenever God doth let use serve and help Him,
By bringing love into our lives anew,
A friendly word, an understanding handclasp,

A loyal heart that holds love, so true,
Whenever God doth let use serve and help Him,
'Tis then we know what love may do.

And the flowers and the radiant sunsets, the streamlets, sparkling and clear, the redbud and the rhododendron, the friendly work, the understanding handclasp, the loyal heart that holds true love; these are the possessions which are inalienable, unless we choose to alienate them; and the thought that we can utilize them, these resident resources of the mountains, is to me refreshing as water from the upper and the nether springs.

Every once in a while there comes to me a letter from a mountain worker who is quite sure that where he or she is not, there lies happiness. The martyr complex is a disease not unknown to us. Sometimes it is well for us to take this syllogism and ask ourselves what is wrong with it: "All martyrs suffer; I suffer; therefore I am a martyr." Oh, yes, I see: crazy people suffer, conceited people suffer; semi-invalids suffer. Suffering does not necessarily connote martyrdom. Some of us will have to join the ranks of the glorious life losers. Some of us will have to adjust our work swiftly to the cosmic changes that are sweeping into our mountain fastnesses and disintegrating our well contrived plans. Some of us will have to see our work mutilated, or transfigured, beyond all recognition.

That is a striking passage in which we read:

And they were on the way, going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus was going before them: and they were amazed, and they that followed were afraid.

But the man who evades the cross has no part with Jesus in the task of saviourhood. And in these Lenten days we may well go forward after Jesus, scared as we may be; sure that soon or late, we too shall see of the travail of our souls and be satisfied. Meanwhile, in the thought of the character and the methods of our task we may find refreshment, as from the waters of the upper and the nether springs.

The Highlanders--A Challenge to Democracy

ARTHUR RAPER

Nowadays, the South is referred to by the President and a committee of distinguished Southerners as "economic problem No. 1." By *Fortune Magazine*, which costs one dollar a copy, it is termed "economic opportunity No. 1." The truth is, it could be *economic problem No. 1* at present and represent *economic opportunity No. 1*, for, as Howard W. Odum and his colleagues have pointed out, the South is an area characterized by deficiencies in the midst of abundant natural resources. One thing certain: the South is the nation's *human opportunity No. 1*, because in southern regions, particularly in the poorer rural areas, the major part of the next generation is being born and reared. The large families in the small houses of the highland region are in need of better educational opportunities, adequate health facilities, larger incomes, and a more vital relationship to the local and national public policy.

People are of first importance in a democracy. And democracy is superior to other political systems only to the degree that it affords the rank and file of people larger opportunities for growth and responsible participation.

The first Highlanders were individual farmers, pushed out of the best soil areas of the old Southeast by the development of the slave economy. Joining these refugees from the rich land areas were the Scotch-Irish folk who came down the Alleghany plateau from New York and Pennsylvania. In these hills there developed a way of life cut off in large measure from the rest of the nation. Old traditions were preserved by tall mountains and poor roads. Most of the work was done by hand.

Such was the life of the Highlander until the impersonal exploitation of America reached into this region. First came the sawmills, the initial big business to reach this area; then came coal mines.

In the meantime, cities were drawing people out of the mountains, for then there were jobs in the cities—more jobs than men. People were being drawn from mountain cabins to city industries

during the same decades that big business and the national government encouraged the importation of migrants from abroad. During this same time there was developing, along the fall line from Danville, Virginia, to Birmingham, Alabama, the cotton mill industry which had first developed in New England. Labor was cheap in the South, and there was no tradition of unionism; nor had the states any real labor legislation to protect the hours and wages of workers. Southern mill villages were filled to overflowing with farmers who had worn out the hills.

Next came the development of the mountains through the extension of highways and the popularization of resort attractions. Local politicians in state legislatures and in national conference pleaded for the extension of highways through the rhododendron, in order that mountain people might have an opportunity to become a vital part of the nation. This local urge was powerfully augmented by representatives of wealth seeking profitable investment in hotels and in the development of scenic spots which would attract gate receipts. Roads were built, hotels were opened and filled, turnstiles clicked at the scenic spots, and for a short time it looked as though the Highlander, too, had come within reach of the full dinner pail, and a few of them, even an extra car and garage.

But game had been thinned out, timber resources were consumed, and many a job "evaporated." Much of the coal mining was mechanized. By the time the full impact of these changes was being felt by the Highlanders, the bull market in New York crashed. Unemployment lines grew in the wealthiest cities, and many a man who left the mountains on a rough trail, seeking cash wages and a job in the distant city, thumbed his way back home on paved highways.

The Highlanders began adjusting themselves to the national scene: throughout America debts increased, mergers occurred, unemployment mounted, the poorest people lived as wage hands and share-croppers on the richest land—only for part of

them to be thinned out even there by restricted crops and the wider use of tractors. All of these forces culminated in an increase of population on the poorest land, simply because poor land is the cheapest place stranded people can live.

And now the people in the Lowlands and in the Highlands find themselves in need of increased payrolls. We try to attract into the region new industries from the outside. We are desperate for payrolls, but too often the new industry sends the major portion of the earnings outside the region in the form of interest and profits. New industries are sometimes permitted, even encouraged, to deal with their labor in ways first established on the plantation, with laborers effectively denied opportunities for unionization.

The Highlanders constitute a challenge to American democracy. Some people turn to birth control as the answer. Without a doubt there is need for the voluntary spacing of children in many mountain families, and quite often, too, the mother's health and the family income argue for the birth of no more children. Whatever contributions birth control programs may make to the future, they have little meaning in terms of the need of improved educational and health opportunities for those already born. Even the most effective birth control program cannot be retroactive!

From a national point of view, however, it must be emphasized that there are not too many children born in America to maintain a stationary population. And surely the richest nation on earth should do that. If we cannot or if we will

not, it seems rather certain that we have no real answer to the problems of Japan's crowded acres or to India's untouchables. It is a little pathetic for overfed city dwellers who are not reproducing themselves to speak disparagingly, at times, of mountain children. If New York and our other large cities are to remain the size they are now, it means they must attract many people from the Highlands and other high-birth-rate areas. The American scene today is that of the pampered few and the pitiful many, and the challenge of democracy would save the snobbish Bourbon from his false standards at the same time that it would provide adequate meat and bread and comfortable dwellings for those who now lack them. If democracy is to serve the American people, it must be concerned with babies and Bourbons, with deficiencies and differentials, with health and hope.

A long time ago a man went about Galilee. He called no man common or unclean. He helped the rank and file of people see life good and beautiful. Many before and many since have had something of this same creative philosophy. Common people heard Jesus gladly; common people today will, I believe, hear gladly and cooperate constructively with any group of people who have a program which is essentially based upon the brotherhood of man. Only such a philosophy of human values as this can provide a lasting base upon which to construct and maintain a democratic society. There is real strength in the Highlands and in the Highlanders, and most probably they shall play a large part in conserving democracy for America.

The great problem of waste, human and material, is to be solved gradually as it was created gradually. Not by any change in government, not by schemes for the redistribution of wealth that are merely schemes, but rather by an intelligent methodical approach that will put idle but capable hands and minds to work in the remote areas and with the most underprivileged. For these tasks men and women of broad sympathies, wisdom and understanding are needed. The waste referred to may be graphically illustrated with land, but it exists no less in medicine, in education, in politics, and in religion.

—Frederick Douglass Patterson

HEALTH--AN ECONOMIC PROBLEM

MARCELLA R. LEHMANN

All statistics are made up by averaging low figures and high figures, as you realize. Many people who hear for the first time some of the statistics which I will mention think they are unduly low. The deficiencies and inadequacies that are revealed by a study of the economics of medical care may seem too glaring to city people, but to you Southern Mountain workers I presume even the average figures may seem high.

For instance, the average family in the United States spends \$25 to \$30 for all its medical care during the course of a year. Some of you probably have difficulty in finding even one family able to spend at this luxury rate. There are 128 doctors for every 100,000 persons in the country, but probably in your section of the country only one doctor exists for every 1,000 or 2,000 people—less than one-half the national rate! For the country as a whole, malaria is statistically negligible, but with your people it is still a leading cause of death. Probably every average figure in relation to sickness and health needs presents too rosy a picture for a realistic Southern Mountain worker to believe.

The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, which was appointed by President Hoover in 1927, published most of its twenty-eight reports in 1929-31. This committee studied us at our best, but they found that our best was not very good. Millions of people in the United States were living their lives with virtually no medical care whatever. Though the United States led the world in preventive dentistry, not three out of ten people had their teeth adequately cared for; though the United States led the world in preventive medicine, not one person in ten had a complete physical examination every year; though the United States led the world in the provision of hospital beds for all illnesses, thousands went without hospital care while one bed in three in every voluntary hospital was empty.

The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care (and may I say here that, without exception, all subsequent reports of other agencies or committees in this field have confirmed its findings) heard

complaints from both the recipients and providers of medical care. Briefly, the public was (and still is) complaining about inability to foresee the need for medical care or to estimate its cost in advance; consequently sickness costs are an unbudgetable item, one that cannot be planned for in advance in the same way as we plan for food and clothing, or even candy, cosmetics and vacation trips.

We do not budget in any way for our medical care—none of us. And the reason we don't budget for it is that we can't. It is impossible to set aside money for an illness, the cost of which is unknown and the time of whose striking uncertain. The proof of this conclusion has been found over and over again in figures that show, roughly, about three times as many people indigent for medical care as are usually indigent for the other necessities of life—food, clothing, shelter. A study of the medical indigents in New York before the depression showed that there were ten times as many of these as there were certified indigents.

Physicians are complaining, too, of low incomes, oversupply, specialization and overhead. But instead of finding too many physicians, the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care found too few physicians in many localities. In Missouri there were about 1400 patients for every physician; in the District of Columbia there were about 250 patients for every physician. The per capita wealth for Missouri is given at \$415, for Washington, D.C., about four times as much. Physicians, like all other classes of people, follow wealth and opportunity, while disease follows people, not dollars.

As Dr. Falk of the Social Security Board says in his report, the "Need for an Adequate Health Program," the biggest problem faced in providing medical services is poor distribution—too many doctors, hospitals and nurses in the city, too few in the rural districts. We have the knowledge of how to care for disease; we have the scientists trained to care for disease; oftentimes we have the equipment; but we have not worked out a technique of bringing the needs and fulfillment of these needs together.

Even when physicians are working to capacity and should be able to count on a steady income, they find that 20 per cent of their bills are unpaid.

A doctor's training is long, vigorous and expensive; often his earning period is shorter than that of other professional men. Yet in 1929 the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care found that his income was not excessive. One doctor in three that year earned a net income of \$2500 or less; one doctor in five earned less than \$1500 net.

To add to the doctor's burden, there are about 35,000 other practitioners—chiropractors, osteopaths, healers, quacks—on whom we spend \$125,000,000 a year, or one tenth of what we spend on doctors. There is also the drug business—as illogical and absurd an industry as anything to be found outside of Hollywood—spending a larger proportion of its income on advertising than any other business; not satisfied to stop with prescribing for the sick but actually creating patients through suggestion! Every minute in the year we pay out \$1000 for medicines. In 1936 we spent \$600,000,000 for drugs and medicines, and of this amount 70 per cent went for self-medication, patient medicines and home remedies which are generally harmless but at the same time worthless. Only 30 per cent of the money we spend for drugs goes for doctors' prescriptions. The \$420,000,000 we spent in 1936 for self-medication, if paid to physicians instead, would have added \$2800 to the annual earnings of each licensed physician that year.

With about two nurses for every doctor and possibly one-tenth the demand for nursing care as for physicians' care from self-supporting sick people, the nurses' problems are also acute. Yet you, who perhaps have one overworked public health nurse in an area that could easily use ten such nurses, wonder whether it is really true that there are more registered nurses than doctors. Again the problem of distribution is uppermost. Every year it becomes more apparent that the trend in nursing is more toward yearly salaries, even though 55 per cent of all nurses are still doing private duty work.

Our slightly more than a million hospital beds are not enough, the experts figure, to care for all the illness or conditions that should be cared for

right now in hospitals; yet one out of every three beds stands empty and 40 per cent of all counties in the United States (containing 13 per cent of the population) have no hospital facilities at all! During the depression, as might be expected, the occupancy of private hospitals dropped while that of government hospitals rose.

The foregoing is a brief picture of some of the problems uncovered by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care in its momentous work. What are we going to do about them? What are we going to do about the 30 per cent of children with uncared-for physical defects? What are we going to do about the 70,000 people dying every year from tuberculosis—still the greatest cause of death among our young people? What about the 60,000 babies born each year with syphilis? What about the "one third of a nation, ill-fed, ill-clad, and ill-housed" who generally go without physician's care in any of their illnesses?

The most important recent action has been the National Health Conference, called last summer in Washington by the Interdepartmental Committee to Coordinate Health and Welfare Activities. This conference, attended by experts in all fields of health and social work, brought up all the problems of sickness, discussed all the possible solutions, and wound up with recommendations for an \$850,000,000 a year government program which would intensify our public health program, expand hospital, clinic and institutional facilities, and provide medical services for the needy.¹

But you who are working in poverty-stricken areas, oftentimes with too few physicians available, or none at all, without hospital or nursing facilities, and with drugs or adequate diets beyond reach, must not patiently sit waiting for Congress to pass an appropriation for a national government health program. Such a program if passed, which is doubtful, might begin its attack on sickness problems in the crowded dwellings of the urban poor.

If this session of Congress passes the National Health Act this year or next, or the year after, it

¹Let me urge all who are interested in this health program to write to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., for a copy of the *Proceedings of the National Health Conference, 1938*, price 35c, and the pamphlet, *Toward Better National Health*, free.

is up to the field workers who know the medical needs of their locality to see that their County Health Departments or State Health Departments are given an opportunity to participate in the program. Perhaps the most practical step for rural social workers is to strive for better organization of medical services in their own locality; for example, secure doctors and hospitals in rural areas that are unsupplied, improve standards and coordinate the work of specialists.

To reduce the "overhead" costs of medical care, many physicians have banded together in private group clinics where the same equipment and office space may be used by several doctors, where one secretary can handle the appointments and billings for as many as ten doctors, where each doctor has a share in the expenses, the income and the unpopular night calls. Many of these private group clinics (and the Mayo Clinic is the foremost example of all) have been put into operation by as few as three local doctors in one small town, or by the entire staff of a rural hospital.

In rural Saskatchewan, small villages or entire counties have secured the services of a well-trained physician by guaranteeing him a minimum salary. This is secured by assessing each family of the community a certain amount without regard to the use they will make of the doctor; oftentimes the state tax funds guarantee one third or some portion of his income in return for certain public health services. He is then entitled to charge a fee in accordance with a modest schedule to all his patients and collect this additional amount as best he can.

The Board of Directors of your local hospital might be inspired by your persistent efforts to make itself over into a local community center—providing office space and facilities free for doctors to use on their private patients as well as on indigent patients, organizing clinics for school children, young mothers, old people, emphasizing public health education in the schools, etc.

Of various experiments in new methods of providing medical services to everyone, health insurance leads the field. Health insurance is simply this: everybody in a certain town, county, industry or other group, pays a fixed amount of money into a central fund; then any contributor to the fund

who becomes sick has his bills paid out of the fund. Health insurance may be compulsory, that is, required by law for working people below a certain income level, or it may be voluntary. Most of the controversies now raging in the name of good medical care concern these two fundamental concepts.

Already voluntary health experiments are meeting with success in this country, particularly in the field of hospital care insurance or "group hospitalization," as it is called. This is a type of health insurance which takes care of hospital bills alone. Hospital bills are generally large and just as unpredictable as other sickness costs. In the last few years, group hospitalization plans have grown to an enrollment of four million people, mostly in cities and small towns. This movement toward placing hospital bills in the family budget is gradually being recognized as a new type of social non-government insurance, organized for the purpose of providing needed services at cost on a non-profit basis. Its success or failure will be the ultimate test of the effectiveness of the voluntary principle in health insurance plans.

Right now the group hospitalization movement is of no particular significance to most mountain families, for many of them must learn hygiene before hospital care is even considered, and family budgets must be devised before monthly payments can be budgeted for any of life's necessities. But if group hospitalization continues the successful development it has had in the past year, and if it effectively teaches the benefits of voluntary participation in health insurance plans, then, in a few years' time, it *will* come into the mountain communities, into the farms and into the forests where workers are scattered and wages are low, but where sickness is equally prevalent.

The Bureau of Cooperative Medicine¹ is prepared to assist communities in developing what it terms a cooperative medical plan, in which a group of people use their group purchasing power to contract directly with one physician or a group of physicians or a hospital to provide services in return for a fixed monthly fee.

The road to a life of security is a long one. You and I have an obligation to reduce to a minimum economic suffering. We have the obligation to

¹ 5 East 57th Street, New York City

work for the advantages of a secure life for everyone. It is not necessarily the government's obligation to do this. Let us not wait for the fulfill-

ment of promises. Let us participate actively in a program of study and encouragement of better medical and health service.

"Cooperatives-The Hope and Unknown of the Southern Highlands"

ELLSWORTH M. SMITH

The Project I represent is a direct outgrowth of a cooperative enterprise born in the mind and spirit of a parish priest in Nova Scotia. Father J. J. Tompkins, known to Protestants and Catholics alike as Father Jimmy, was distressed by two devils that dogged the lives of his people. The one was poverty so acute as to closely parallel the disadvantage of our Southern Mountain people. The other was Communism, whose atheistic bitterness and violence waxed sinewy and ugly on the peoples' frustration. Which of these two devils caused Father Jimmy the greater distress one cannot say. They needed to be laid low, and the cause and effect relationship between them suggested that one stone, if it were properly aimed, might kill both.

Father Jimmy, slight in stature, ascetic in appearance, gentle in manner, was nevertheless a rugged individual who believed in the staunchness of the common people. The story of the Rochdale weavers appealed to him because it told of men in desperate circumstances who, instead of listening to counsels of violence and hatred, deliberately chose the hard honest way of winning ownership through savings and purchase, and through ownership, control of some of the economic processes to which they had been slaves.

The Rochdale principles of democratic open membership, of voting by persons rather than shares of stock, and the whole thesis that men could cooperate to help themselves and each other to greater economic security rang true. Likewise, the idea of common people owning and operating for themselves various consumer services which formerly they had paid others for, often exorbitantly, sounded like good economics. The idea that through common ownership the earnings of a consumer service could become savings to the members rather than profits to competitive indi-

viduals or companies promised a slow but steady increase in effective income.

Convinced of the relatively superior value of cooperation over any other economic method in overcoming the twin threats of poverty and communism, Dr. Tompkins then set about to get something started. Energetic himself, and determined, he felt keenly the despair and apathy of the people he loved. Possibly his Christian philosophy of the value of personality and its rightful superiority to any circumstance gave him his cue at this point. At any rate, he determined that if his people were to have cooperatives they must build them themselves.

During five years he experimented with ways of appealing to his people to have faith in themselves, to believe that with their own minds and their own group loyalties they could work out their own salvation.

We can imagine him talking to a group of men along the road or on a fish wharf somewhat as follows:

"Men, did you ever stop to think, 'Why are we so badly up against it all the while?' Ever think it might be your own fault?"

To men overwhelmed with the gravity of their economic insecurity, with the needs of wives and children which they were unable to meet through any effort of their own, this is fighting talk!

Dr. Tompkins would go on to rub salt into the wounds: "Of course it's your own fault—you haven't used your heads." Then, before an explosion occurred: "But you have good brains, just as good as have the banker, the store-keeper, the fish agent, the mine owner. The only trouble is that you haven't used them and they have."

This statement is suggestive rather than irritating. Sensing the psychological ripeness of the moment, he would drive home his point: "Men, if

in a
etter

ls"

eady

e of
d in
com-
get
de-
y of
stian
l its
him
ined
they

ers of
mem-
and
out

men
t as

we
k it

heir
and
ough

the
you
ex-
just
the
e is

ita-
the
n, if



John A. Spelman III

Summer

you will think together, study together and plan together, you can certainly improve your situation and solve some of your problems. There's no doubt about it: nothing can permanently defeat a group of God's children who use the resources of mind and spirit God gave them."

Responding to some such challenge as this, the first Nova Scotia study groups got under way. That Dr. Tompkins was right is proven by the fact that this winter some twelve hundred such groups are meeting in their own "kitchen colleges," teaching themselves sometimes to read and write in order that they might learn together what makes the economic wheels go round. And out of their study these several years have grown, from the grass roots up, sturdy cooperative credit unions, stores, marketing associations, dairies, libraries and housing cooperatives.

Dr. Tompkins' two aims are well on the way to realization. Communism has become insipid compared to the vigor of Cooperation and the coils of poverty have lost much of their destructive force.

Perhaps the greatest cooperative development has taken place at Reserve Mines. Here, the people have gone through the successive stages of Credit Union, cooperative stores, library, and now, cooperative housing. Last summer some dozen homes were in various stages of construction. The men themselves were doing the work. They talked to us, showing great enthusiasm, and one or two making eloquent speeches. We were invited to have Christmas dinner with them in their new homes. We were urged to come back next summer when they would have made new sets of furniture for themselves. We were told very emphatically that as they looked back they were amazed at what they had come to be doing, but as they looked forward, they knew that they had just begun. Those builders were exalted men tasting the heady wine of a more abundant living brought about the hard way, through their own joint efforts and unshakable faith in themselves. They knew what they could do and they liked it!

The significance of the Nova Scotia movement is impossible to estimate quantitatively. The people themselves are amazed at the numbers of American students who come there to see what they have done. The prosperous American delegations make

them wonder if perhaps they haven't worked a miracle without knowing it. But, no, their feet are on the ground. Repeatedly they urged us not to think of them more highly than they deserve. Continually they emphasized their belief that they have made only a few small beginnings. But just as earnestly they told us that to their story there should be no end, that there are so many things they mean to attempt as soon as they have sufficient knowledge and financial resource. Meanwhile, they slowly build, an aroused and mobilized company of disadvantaged people, teaching themselves a better way of life through cooperation.

The cultural significance of Nova Scotia far exceeds its economic possibilities. This is illustrated by two extremes. In Reserve Mines, the cooperative Peoples' Library contains many hundreds of volumes. During the periods in which the library is open, crowds of people press in to get the books they want. What are they reading? Sociology, economics, political science, history, ethics, literature, the arts. There is a large section of children's books. There are books on cooking, home-making, hobbies, vocations, psychology, religion, philosophy, and biology. It is the liveliest library I have ever seen, and these are actually people who began just a few years ago by learning to read and write who are now avidly pursuing their ever-widening cultural interests.

The opposite illustration is Little Dover where for over five long years the people have been studying to discover what to do about the pile of soil-less rocks they live on and the defunct fishing industry that used to support them. The people cannot grow their food, they have lost their grammar school; their children have to go eight miles to a grammar school and twelve miles to high school and there are no busses. The best fisherman in the community netted ten dollars last season. For over five years these people have thoroughly explored one idea and another and another, hoping to find a means of earning a livelihood. And they have not found a way. I asked a group of the people "What was the use of all your study? you haven't come out anywhere; wouldn't you have been as well off without it?" In answer they said that realistic study had forced them to face their situation honestly and with a minimum of hope. They had developed an intense loyalty to each other

which cushioned misfortunes. They had kept their spirits alive and scrapping. Even if they should decide in the near future that they must move and resettle somewhere else, they are equipped to do so intelligently and with no regrets, with heads "bloody but unbowed."

Little Dover, which has accomplished the least in a material sense, has nevertheless demonstrated most convincingly the character-building potentialities of cooperative study and cooperative action.

And may I add that I doubt if anywhere in the Southern Mountains we have a community so destitute of resources as Little Dover.

May I repeat: our Project is founded on the type of appeal to group study and cooperative action with which Nova Scotia had made such significant contributions to education, to economics, and to spiritual rehabilitation.

Rupert B. Vance of Chapel Hill gave me the title for my address when he said before the American Country Life Association meeting recently: "Cooperatives are the Great Hope and the Great Unknown of the South." I like that statement for its moderation. Cooperation has been wounded unto death again and again by sentimental enthusiasm and dogmatic promotion. Only recently has it been freely stated that there were over eight hundred failures of cooperatives in England before the turn of the twentieth century. Only recently was the astonishing record of failures of great American cooperative developments put into a book for popular consumption. Ironically these failures were just huge enough to constitute one of the best reasons for believing in cooperatives. There is a compelling soundness about any movement that can overcome such handicaps of failure to become the fastest growing American enterprise today.

The Rochdale principles of cooperation constitute a working diagram of an economic democracy based upon the universality of consumer needs and the primacy of personality. Cooperative leaders have described the movement as an economic device, a shrewd modification of capitalism, a Christian economy, and a system so revolutionary that it cannot abide the continued existence of capitalism. We hear that cooperation is just good business, and we hear a great deal about the Co-

operative Commonwealth, which implies a day when even political government will become unnecessary. The history of cooperation includes everything from the first store on Toad Lane, established through painfully sacrificial savings and fighting for its very right to exist, to huge, elaborately-financed American-Rochdale wholesales with centrally rather than locally owned and controlled chains of retail outlets.

Three things stand out importantly in the trial and error history of cooperation. First, the Rochdale principles are so sound as to admit of no modification. Secondly, cooperatives must be locally owned and controlled. Third, they succeed on the basis of an informed and vital membership. Of late a fourth principle is receiving serious consideration: cooperatives must be based on real needs rather than corporate sentiment.

If cooperation is economic democracy, it follows that as a system it has the same virtues and handicaps as other forms of democracy. A political democracy thrives only when its citizens are alert, intelligent and responsible. So with cooperatives. A political democracy gains its rightful power from the consent of local self-governing units. Failure to recognize this has resulted in the failure of many an American system of centrally owned and controlled chain store cooperatives. A political democracy exists to serve its people. This is likewise the underlying principle of consumer cooperation.

A particular cooperative enterprise must be efficient in meeting genuine needs. It must be a good business unit. But it must just as importantly represent the intelligent self-discipline of a group of people. In these joint factors for success we see the complementary nature of good technique and spiritual force. The lack of either one can spell failure.

The foregoing statements indicate the crucial importance of the Nova Scotia type of group self-education for cooperative success. Cooperatives based on this approach will grow naturally out of recognized and analyzed needs through a process of study which will provide direction and skill for the cooperative and invincible loyalty for its members. The likelihood of a misfit cooperative or an outright failure is thus reduced to a minimum.

In the Southern Highlands, the people unani-

mously insist that their greatest need is for an increased cash income. As, in small groups, they study their local situations, they come rather quickly to recognize the necessity for modification of their soil use and other agricultural practices. As acquired knowledge leads to group planning, the need for one or another type of cooperative becomes evident. If cooperatives are formed, it is because local groups of people intelligently want them, and not because of any promotion on the part of this Project. Such cooperatives will not frequently miss the mark.

Perhaps the most worthwhile thing I can do is describe just how we go about the work of the Project.

In the first place, our emphasis is entirely upon study groups. By this we mean groups of from three to a dozen neighbors, in similar economic straits, who, because of aroused determination to meet their own needs, study together week by week, without a professional teacher, to explore their situation and find a way out to a more desirable status.

I go upon invitation to a particular community where a minister, teacher, or other interested person has called together his people for a general meeting. I present the idea of the cooperative study club and tell a number of stories of what such study groups have done. I stress the fact that a study group is a voluntary association of congenial neighbors who study to solve common problems; that these problems will be solved more readily by the people involved than by any outside agency; that such groups are self-determining—no one tells them what they shall study or do. Whatever they learn they must dig out for themselves. Their leader is one of their own group whom they choose for qualities of reliability rather than for skill as a teacher. Their local minister or teacher and myself are simply friendly counsellors who can help them to perfect their discussion method and secure the necessary materials for study. Our purpose is not to set up an organization or charge a membership fee. Whatever they get out of their study they must get by their own efforts. They must form their own convictions and plans on the basis of their own study. They will go infinitely farther in putting ideas into action if they are their own ideas than if they are suggested to them

by an expert and recommended by a specialist. The latter are resource people who should be called in to answer questions but not to give advice. They must study, not because the minister or teacher or myself recommend it, but because they profoundly believe that in such study lies their only hope of working out their own salvation. I tell them that a group of people who do not constantly think through their problems will never solve them, but a group that is on its toes mentally, socially, and spiritually can never be defeated utterly. That such group study, if pursued with determination and loyalty, cannot fail to be of help, but that no financial results are guaranteed.

Throughout all this presentation, the appeal is to self-respect, a self-respect that is never completely dead in any person. The challenge is a dare to trust their own mental and spiritual resources against all circumstance. The lure is pleasing to the never-entirely-quenched desire to better provide for one's own—a better food supply, better ability to hire medical care, more comforts and conveniences around the home, and a bit of land becoming richer rather than poorer each year. The promise is that either circumstances can be materially improved or that life can be made victorious in spite of circumstances.

The constant effort is to push the people back, back, back upon their own self-respect and aspiration. Let me repeat, these forces are absolutely basic in human nature—they may be dormant but they are everlasting present in every living son of God. One's judgment of this study-group challenge depends entirely upon his acceptance or rejection of this prime article of faith. Just how much do we believe in our people?

I have tried constantly to analyze the people's favorable response. It is one of those intangible spiritual phenomena which loses reality on critical examination. Why should people who do not ordinarily read at all become students of government texts on agriculture? Why should mountain farmers who have seen their soil go down the creek in countless rainstorms for many years suddenly believe that they can do something about it? Why should men who have felt the yearly-increasing pinch of insufficient income in spite of their seemingly-best efforts, suddenly believe that they can by banding together for study and action, reverse

the trend and build toward a greater security?

I believe that when a defeated group of people suddenly and with spine-shivering conviction come to believe invincibly in their own shared resources of mind and spirit, then a religious conversion has taken place and a spiritual value has been created. This is of the essence of the message of Jesus. Jesus might have said "I believe in Man" just as strongly as "I believe in God." For a man to believe in his own God-given powers of mind and spirit is not pagan but Christian. The significance of Christianity is at heart the superior worth of personality. The significance of Jesus is that a man can be invincible. And the history of our own study groups may be the history of the Master, outwardly failing to overcome the material handicaps of an impoverished land, but inwardly victorious in achieving a culturally rich and satisfying life.

Our agricultural experts are worthy of the highest praise. They are steadily making available the wisest interpretations of experiment and experience. Yet none of them at the present can honestly promise material abundance. Perhaps, however, the aroused mental power of a determined agricultural population will find, through the ingenuity of sheer mass vitality, the collective answer to their own needs.

May I point up our thinking in a few sentences.

We are tackling material poverty on the one hand and a defeated initiative on the other. We are using and have used the most earnest methods of teaching and demonstration we have known to help the people and relieve their disadvantage.

Dare we divorce the people from their reliance upon us? Dare we trust them to find their own way and pursue it under their own power, once aroused to faith in themselves? Have we the sheer recklessness to believe that in our people themselves is all the motivation necessary to bring about the goodness of life we can reasonably hope for? If not, how can we justify ourselves?

A cooperative study group is a voluntary association of a small group of neighbors who share common needs, motivated by faith in themselves and each other, determined to find a way to the solution of their problems, dedicated to the slow method of group study by their own efforts and group action on the basis of their own trusted, intelligently formed convictions.

While such study groups are not definitely pointed toward the development of cooperative enterprises, such cooperatives as may evolve may be trusted because they will have been designed by the people themselves to meet their own needs.

(Mimeographed copies of this address may be secured by writing to the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, Berea, Kentucky.)

MOTION ON FEDERAL AID FOR EDUCATION

The Conference in general session passed a motion that "we as a Conference instruct a committee to send a telegram or letter to Senator Elbert D. Thomas to urge favorable consideration of" Senate Bill No. 1305, which would appropriate \$40,000,000 for education during the year 1939-40, to be distributed among the various states in proportion to the number of children in each between the ages of 5 and 19. The committee as appointed consisted of Mr. Orrin L. Keener, chairman; Dr. E. J. Coltrane, Mrs. J. M. Day. The following letter was mailed to Senators Thomas, Rush Holt, and Lister Hill.

The Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, a non-sectarian organization of persons concerned with the educational, social, economic, religious and general welfare of the Southern Mountain region, is convinced of the necessity of Federal aid for education, not only to assure the development of this section, but as a mat-

ter of national policy. This area has a large and growing population, with a birth rate high enough to make certain a constant movement of population out of the mountains into other sections of the country. Many of our people are on the lowest income level, with family incomes of less than \$200 a year. In many mountain counties the total value of taxable property is so low that the maximum tax rate does not provide adequate support for the public schools, nor are state funds sufficient. Our only possible recourse in this area, if we are to have a system of public education even reasonably consonant with American standards, is to secure Federal aid to supplement local and state resources.

In view of this situation and need of which we are so keenly aware, the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, assembled in annual meeting at Knoxville, Tennessee, March 7-9, 1939, unanimously voted to urge the passage of Senate Bill No. 1305, providing for Federal aid for education. We respectfully ask your Committee favorably to report this bill.

Respectfully yours,

"A BABY ON YOUR DOORSTEP"

FRANK H. SMITH

Madam Chairman and Friends of the Southern Highlands:

Twenty years ago, Cecil Sharp was lured into the Southern Highlands by songs sung to him by Mrs. Olive Campbell. The story which you have heard this morning of Mrs. Campbell's meeting with Mr. Sharp at the home of Mrs. James Storrow, in Massachusetts, has become a classic. I am not now concerned with Mr. Sharp as a collector of songs and folk dances; the point I wish to make is that he left at Pine Mountain an enthusiasm for English folk dancing and an appreciation of the Kentucky running set which have been kept alive ever since then by Miss Bowles, Miss Wells, and in recent years by Miss Abby Christensen. We are indebted to Pine Mountain for its beautiful folk dance contributions at the Mountain Folk Festivals.

Coming now to the John C. Campbell Folk School: a few months after Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Bidstrup (Marguerite Butler) settled at Brasstown, they secured the services of Georg Bidstrup, a dynamic personality. He started the use of Danish singing games as a form of community recreation some eight or ten years ago. His services were soon requested by other mountain centers. He is a farm manager, and the pigs and horses, to say nothing of the fine dairy herd and of the wide fields of growing crops, needed him. He could not go all over the mountains singing "Napoleon was a mighty warrior."

In September, 1933, I embarked with the blessing of Helen Dingman, Mrs. Campbell, President Hutchins, Mr. Zanzig, and a few others upon a recreational adventure. I set out to see what interest might exist in mountain colleges, schools—both public and private—and community centers, in such things as singing games, folk dances, rural play production, story-telling, and a Punch and Judy show.

During the ten years preceding 1933, I had made a few discoveries. They were nothing new, but to me they came like ministers of grace. Some insights seem to happen suddenly; others grow

gradually. During seven of those ten years I was a teacher in the Foundation Junior High School at Berea, where I produced scores of plays. I found that a fellowship is set up in dramatic enterprises which one hardly experiences in classroom relationships between students and a teacher. After these intervening years, I still occasionally see some member of the cast of a play that I produced in those days. We know we have a bond of friendship, one forged and tempered in creative struggle.

During those years I also had the privilege of being on the staff of Helen Dingman's Opportunity School and I went into a good many communities in the mountains as a story-teller with the Extension Opportunity Schools. On these trips I found it was fairly easy to hold the attention of young and old alike by means of stories. Besides that, I discovered that when, for example, Gladys Jameson was on the trip, a sort of miracle happened to the rural people. She got them singing. And when people sing beautiful songs with sincere and simple fervor, an uncanny sort of unity comes into the group. After that they are more responsive to the presentation of ideas.

Also, during my visits to mountain communities, I met a man who has been dead for 375 years. I mean John Calvin. He came to the Southern Highlands by way of Scotland, the north of Ireland, and the Atlantic Ocean. He passed through the Cumberland Gap. The song has it that "the first white man at Cumberland Gap was Dr. Walker, an English chap." John Calvin, who was in his lifetime a very heroic person, was placing an icy hand upon America long before Dr. Walker was born. Mr. Calvin is very formidable. If during my lifetime I can release the grip of just one of his fingers from the hearts of mountain youth, I shall die happy.

For two years it was to me a great adventure to travel through the mountains of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Alabama, even into Mississippi. I found wonderful opportunities in my work. Fun and tragedy often blend in Appalachian America. The children and youth of the mountains became my dear friends, and to

many of them I am not Frank Smith but Mr. Punch.

A good many administrators and teachers who are here today have given me "good times." I have left a baby on your doorstep; you have fed and nurtured this infant, and I hear he is fast growing up. "At least he is a lusty infant," says Mrs. Campbell. The itinerant service was then well represented by Mr. Richard Seaman for two years. The next speaker, Mr. John Morgan, is now the itinerant recreation leader of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers.

What has been the experience of the Conference with this recreational service? How clearly I recall Miss Dingman's remark made in the spring of 1933 when we were discussing the idea of my going out into the mountains. She said, "You must realize, Frank, that we may not find enough centers willing to give you a chance to make this experiment." Today we find the problem to be one of making provision for leadership rather than finding co-operative centers. The Short Course at Brasstown is crowded. We at Berea have this winter instituted a leadership training school that brought to the Berea College campus for a week one of the foremost folk dance teachers of the world, Miss May Gadd, National Director of the English Folk Dance and Song Society of America. This school was well attended and we have good reason to believe that it may become an annual event.

The first conclusion, then, is that we have now convincing proof that the tiny beginning of 1933 has grown into a significant movement. It is meeting a vital need for youth. It is making a contribution to social living in rural communities and in schools and colleges in the Southern Highlands.

Readers of Marjorie Patten's *Arts Workshop of Rural America* will realize that what is happening in the mountains is only an eleventh hour event. I mean that rural arts like music, folk dancing, play writing and dramatic production, puppetry, wood-carving, shepherds' pipes, block printing and clay-modelling—these and other creative activities have been much more widely developed in many other parts of the United States. One hears of the extraordinary achievements of the rural dramatists of Wisconsin, or of the present status of corn, hogs, and operas in rural Iowa.

So far as I am aware, no section of America has, however, a richer folk heritage on which to build than has the Southern Highlands. I know of nothing more striking than the presence in the mountains of men and women who are themselves the proud representatives of an oral tradition of folk music running directly back to colonial America. I shall never forget the answer of a mountain mother when I said to her, "Lady, do you sing?" The simple and direct reply was, "I reckon that's my gift." As we sat round her fire with her children kneeling on the hearth, she sang "Barbara Allen" and other ballads. Those songs were part of her heritage. Her singing was a perfect illustration of Mr. Cecil Sharp's observation that in the Southern Highlands song is as natural as speech itself.

John Morgan and I consider ourselves fortunate to have the Southern Highlands as our vineyard. Here we have rich opportunities. We submit that we have good reason to look hopefully to the future of the recreational service of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers.

May I explain the present character of my activities in recreation in the Southern Highlands? You know about the itinerant service which is represented by Mr. Morgan. For the past eighteen months I have been engaged in a two-fold experiment. First, I have had field work in two regional areas, one in central Tennessee, the other in eastern Kentucky. The purpose of this is to develop a permanent sort of program by the discovery of local leadership. In the eastern Kentucky area I have had the honor to represent both the Conference and the University of Kentucky; Dean Thomas Cooper, of the College of Agriculture, is greatly interested in the recreational enrichment of rural life. I have been grateful for the prestige and opportunities afforded by the University.

The second part of my experiment has been an attempt to establish for our growing movement a permanent headquarters at Berea College. I am happy to report satisfactory progress. The facilities placed at my disposal, both with regard to curriculum and in a variety of other ways, are admirable. I have great hopes for our future at Berea College. Berea is dedicated to unselfish service to the entire Southern Highlands. It is the

home of *Mountain Life and Work* and houses the official headquarters of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers.

In conclusion I wish to take this opportunity to thank the many persons in this audience who have

KNOXVILLE DISCUSSION GROUPS

The following paragraphs report in brief upon the various small groups that met during the Knoxville Conference to discuss the general topic: "How can we better use the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers and the various agencies in our Southern Mountains to effect a more constructive program of action?"

The discussion group at which Mrs. Campbell presided concentrated on questions raised by Mr. Kennedy's talk, especially the subject of music. Mr. Kennedy explained how great modern compositions were based on folk melodies, and cited a certain very sophisticated man, familiar with the great composers, who was puzzled and even mortified at the bold folk music now had upon him. Quite a lively discussion followed with reference to the values of music, the desirability of helpful advice on it, and the recreational service of the Conference in general.

A motion was carried to urge the Conference to stand back of the recreation program, and to recommend a committee to study into the questions arising out of recreation work—especially experts to advise on desirable next steps. Miss Lula Hale, Miss Elizabeth Watts and Mrs. Olive D. Campbell were later appointed.

The discussion in Dr. McClelland's group turned chiefly toward the consideration of Conference Programs. It was suggested that another year's program should largely serve educational problems in the mountains, as this last program dealt mostly with social problems. It was the feeling of the

aided in the development of the recreational program. It is a rewarding thought that I have the privilege of cooperating with you in the building of what I hope will be a richer and happier social life in the Southern Highlands.

group that the religious phase of our work needed to be stressed more than it usually is; that annual conferences should contain more inspirational and social meetings, with at least one dinner at which the whole conference should sit down for a friendly evening together. With the varying problems and varying interests of the ever enlarging Conference, it was felt that there should be more group discussions to meet the different needs.

Dr. Coltrane's group summarized its viewpoint as follows: The various agencies in the region, such as the TVA, the health units, the farm and home demonstration services, and the religious and educational forces, should all be used without duplication. The high birth rate and the low economic income present a strong case for Federal aid to education. All agencies should seek such services by united effort.

The group led by Mr. Edwin E. White discussed the question from the standpoint of health. Upon its recommendation, a Conference Health Committee was named by the general assembly as follows: Mr. White, chairman; Dr. Frank C. Foster, Mrs. Nan Cox Hare, Mr. W. R. Headrick, Miss Caroline Kidder, Mrs. Mont-Glovier, Mrs. Carl Stanford, Mr. L. E. Smith, Dr. M. Stewart, Dr. R. F. Thomas, Mr. E. C. Waller, and Dr. Mary C. Wharton.

The Conference also voted upon a resolution (published in the April issue), copies of which have been sent to the Health Commissioners of Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, and to the Surgeon General of the United States.

In presenting health insurance and the social methods of health protection, cognizance must be taken of the resistance against change and the natural opposition which always arises in the presence of any movement which would extend to the many the privileges enjoyed by the few. —James Peter Warbasé

THE REVIEWING STAND

A DOCTOR FOR THE PEOPLE by Michael A. Shadid, M.D. New York, The Vanguard Press, 1939. 277 pp. \$2.50.

This book should be required reading for all who are concerned about the health of rural America. And it would be most interesting required reading, for it is not simply the life story of a physician, of which we have had many in recent months, but the story of a physician who has been a pioneer in bringing the doctor to the people. It is the story of a man born amid the poverty-stricken conditions of a small Syrian village, who as a child was given vision and high ambition by his contact with the leaders in a mission school, the American University in Beirut. Brought to this country, he wanted to become a doctor, but poverty apparently closed the doors to an education. He kept his dream intact, however, and went out on the road selling cheap jewelry. By means of hard work and thrift, the doors of opportunity were opened and he found himself able to become a doctor. After this long struggle, Dr. Shadid might have been excused had he set out to make money. But this he did not do. He wanted to do two things: to bring medical care to the multitude who so greatly needed it, and to repay in some measure the opportunity which America has given him. These two purposes have carried him through the difficult period of pioneering which has led to the establishment of America's first cooperative hospital.

Today when, as perhaps never before, our minds are turned toward the problem of adequate medical care for all the people, the pioneering effort of Dr. Shadid is of vital interest. The cooperative hospital of Elk City, Oklahoma, is a beacon light to those who are laboring to bring adequate medical care to rural folk, because Dr. Shadid stuck to his purpose when organized medicine was out to "get his scalp." This hospital is a success today, but back of that success are years of struggle, which are here recounted without fear or favor. The battle which he has fought is our battle. And

the story of this battle is a tonic for those of us who are in lesser ways fellow crusaders for adequate medical care for all the people.

Especially revealing to any who have had no first hand contact with the "dictatorship" of the American Medical Association and its county units, will be the inside account of the methods used to prevent the establishment of the Elk City cooperative hospital. Yet we hear much about medical "ethics." To those who have felt firsthand the power of the A.M.A., Dr. Shadid's experience will emphasize the fact that the effort to provide adequate medical care for all the people will have the strong opposition of the very group which should be most keenly interested. To read the account of the struggle of one man and his small group of supporters against the power of organized medicine makes one want to go on a crusade. This story has a positive contribution also in that it is the story of one solution to the problem of adequate medical care—the way of cooperation.

As one reads the account of an immigrant boy who out of gratitude to America has pioneered in rural health, he wonders about the tremendous advance that could be made in our mountains if the power of the A.M.A. could be broken enough to allow German refugee doctors, who would come with this same spirit of gratitude and sincerity, to settle in our remote regions.

EUGENE SMATHERS

The Department of Playground and Recreation of the City of Los Angeles has published a booklet, "Today's Leisure," describing the growth of play facilities in the urban area and surrounding mountains to the end of the year 1938. Profusely illustrated, this publication, which may be had for the asking, is a thrilling and challenging account of a progressive city's provision for all types of recreation for all age groups, at an approximate cost of 55c per capita per year.



ECHOES FROM

(Photographs by Roy N. Walters)

The fourth Mountain Folk Festival was held at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky, April 20-22, 1939. Teams from twenty schools and centers and one folk club were represented; there were also individuals from several states outside the mountain area who had come to observe and participate. Registration exceeded two hundred, making this the biggest Mountain Folk Festival so far, and comments heard indicate that it was also the best.

The public demonstration on Saturday night was given before an enthusiastic audience of about 1400 people. Swiss dancers from East Bernstadt, Kentucky, gave a special performance of native dances in costume. Sir Wilfred Grenfell, an unexpected visitor, received a rousing ovation from participants and audience alike. The program was as follows:

Gisburn Processional	Berea, Brasstown, Hindman, Homeplace
Abrams Circle	
General English Country Dancing	
Circassian Circle	
Yorkshire Square Eight	
Durham Reel	
Old Mole	Lees College
Rufty Tufty	Stuart Robinson
Oranges and Lemons	Berea Recreation Center
Singing Game: Charlie's Neat and	
Charlie's Sweet	
Flamborough Sword	Viper
American Quadrille	Davidson
Vesterbo-Polsk	Homeplace
Nonesuch	Brasstown
Singing	Brasstown
General Danish Dancing	
Trallen	Asheville
Little Man in a Fix	Berea College
Crested Hen	Berea College
Napoleon	George Bidstrup, Frank Smith
Old Rustic	Pine Mountain
Parson's Farewell	East Bernstadt
Hunson House	Berea, Brasstown, Pine Mountain
Nutting Girl	John Morgan and pupils
Bacca Pipes	Berea, Hindman
Swiss Dancing	Louisville
Dargason	Berea, Brasstown
Pipe Playing	Pine Mountain
Boosbeck Sword	Pine Mountain
Czech Dance	
Lads of Bunchum	
Broom	
St. Martin	
Danish Grand March	

The next Festival will be held March 3-5, 1940, at Knoxville, Tennessee, the demonstration night, Tuesday the 5th, being also the opening program of the annual Conference of Southern Mountain Workers.

THE FOLK FESTIVAL

With the permission of the Folk Festival Committee, the editors print the following extracts from letters received from both group leaders and youth delegates.

Notes from North Carolina

"A festival I shall never forget."

"So interesting because it was so different from any conference I ever attended."

"I especially liked the social friendliness which was a part of the singing at the dining tables."

"One of the best, most wholesome forms of recreation."

"Every minute was enjoyable."

* * *

They all had a *grand* time and evidently the thing that delighted them most was finding so many who knew the same games. Jerry said— "There were so many on the floor you could stir 'em with a stick."

Tennessee Talks

One boy, who so far had only enjoyed doing the Sword dance, said he would play other games too, but never the "Crested Hen." On the way home he said, ". . . I told you a lie. I played 'Crested Hen' every time it was played and I like it fine."

All hoped they could share a room together and the disappointment was great when late that night they were all scattered among the College boys. But by the next morning each one boasted of a better room-mate than the other, and we had before breakfast . . . a lesson in Geography to locate . . . on the map where some of the Students came from . . .

Another boy, whom we took from the CCC Camp for the trip, one who likes to hang on to every penny he can get hold of and who was a little reluctant at paying out three dollars, said on Saturday, "If I had it, I would pay ten dollars for this Festival. When do we go back . . .?"

One of our brightest boys had quite a lot to say. One, that we are not as friendly as we should be here; not enough friendly faces. He would rather come back to Berea for the next Festival than go to a city. He liked the singing period after meals, but did not think much of the singing of the whole

group on the floor of the Gym. He greatly admired Dr. van de Wall for getting the group to sing so well the round, "Oh how lovely is the evening." His words were, "You really could hear the bells ring long after the song had stopped." He would have liked to have more games all together and less demonstration by the best teams.

Kentucky Comment

"Say, did you do the 'Carousel' with the tall boy from Louisville? I couldn't even reach his shoulders!"

"No, but I did 'Little Man in a Fix.' It was a fix all right, for one boy he hooked arms with was just about half as tall as he was!"

"I liked the Bacca Pipe Dance best of all," this from a boy.

"I wish they'd had more general dancing on the last night."

"Not me; I'd rather see new games. Anyways, we had plenty of time for general games before Saturday night." . . .

One of the boys said, "I like to dance in a crowd like that where everybody else is dancing. You don't feel like people are looking at *you*, 'specially."

"Yeah, I thought I'd be 'shamed to get on the floor," said another, "but I wasn't a bit."

"Ooh! wasn't the food good!"

"Delicious! And plenty of it too!" . . .

"What do you reckon those people at the Tavern thought about us when we began doing 'Crested Hen' right beside the highway?"

"Oh, they liked it! They applauded anyway."

* * *

We enjoyed every minute of the dancing and singing, and especially the interesting people that you so deftly dug ballads from.

* * *

That was my first experience at the festival but I certainly am hoping it won't be my last. The only thing I regret is that it isn't two or three weeks instead of three days.

* * *

I enjoyed the Festival especially because of the nice friends I made. I think Folk Games will be

easier to learn and I'll enjoy them more after my experience there.

* * *

Certainly the leadership was magnificent, and one would say the response, both impromptu and planned, was worth all the effort and genius expended. The meals served were much appreciated, and the song-fest after eating was very good. . . You had a wealth of good material, and we would not have missed for anything the East Bernstadt dancers, nor the inimitable Morris duet.

To have a glimpse of Labrador's pioneer and

hero, whom we have admired these many years, was alone "worth the price of admission."

* * *

The sights on the campus were very interesting. The way the chimes are played is quite amusing to me. It made me think of some one plowing, and each time the plow hit a rock or a hard lump of earth it would bounce almost out of the furrow.

* * *

I want to say that this has encouraged me to want to learn more about Folk dancing, songs and everything more than ever before.

"THAT MAKES HOME"

MAY JUSTUS

Granny Turner awoke to see a long yellow finger of sunlight poking through a crack in the window shutter. How happened she to be in bed this long after daybreak? She propped herself up on an elbow and pushed back the straggling gray hair which had loosened from her night cap.

"Emmy!" she called. "Em—" Then she stopped. Emmy wasn't here this morning. Emmy's bed on the other side of the room, with its smooth Churn Dasher cover, reminded her that Emmy was gone. Emmy, her youngest, her baby, had married Step-Along, her peddler man, last night, and gone to t'other side of the mountain. Emmy had left her all alone, left her all-of-a-sudden. Emmy, still pretty at thirty-three. Well, she might have known it would happen, with the peddler man stopping here every two-three weeks, leaving something pretty for Emmy and pretending that it was a thanky'-gift to pay for a bite of dinner.

Here she was all alone and the house to herself. A sort of lonesome feeling crowded the corners of the cabin room. Granny eased herself out of bed and got her clothes on. No Emmy to ask about her rheumatism. No Emmy to kindle the fire on the hearth and set the pot a-boil for breakfast.

She raked the ash bed. Some live coals had kept. A stick or two of fat pine kindling she puffed with a few quick breaths to a blaze. It was good to warm her shins before it. June it might be by the calendar, but the chill of a late spring lingered in No-End Hollow and mornings were cool till

the sun was high over the mountain. She added a fore stick of hickory and middle wood a-plenty, then some dry chips to make coals for the coffee pot and baker. There was food in the corner cupboard she knew, left over from the wedding supper, but hot hoe cake and fresh coffee naturally go together. She would cook her bite of breakfast on the hearth as she used to do before the children had given the step-stove to her some years ago. The stove had tickled Emmy and she had taken to the use of it without any trouble. Now Emmy was gone to t'other side, and she might as well have taken the step-stove with her, along with the quilt covers and the last good hand-woven blankets and sheets kept so many years for her in the old oak chest at the foot of her bed.

Granny sighed as she greased the baker with a curly piece of bacon rind. She had mixed up too much batter for a small-sized hoe cake. Never mind. She would have the rest for dinner. A cold meal in the middle of the day would set well enough on her stomach, but a hot breakfast she was bound to have. Hot vittles warmed a body's feelings and all the insides, even the heart. She felt a sight more cheerful as she buttered a bite of crisp, brown crust, dipped it in good cane sorghum, and took a swig of coffee to wash it down. Good vittles heartened you in a hurry. She was glad that Emmy had married at home with a proper wedding supper, even though she hadn't planned for it and hadn't had any wedding company; she

hadn't run away with her peddler man though she had come a-nigh it, fearing her mammy wouldn't like the notion. To tell the truth, she hadn't. She wanted Emmy for herself. To keep her with her always. Emmy knew that—she had been afraid to meet both love and duty, pulling her one way and the other. Granny smiled to herself. She might be old, but she knew the heart of a woman when it hankers for its mate and a nest. Could she not still remember when Wes had brought her to this house new-built in No-End Hollow? Yes, Emmy had a right to her peddler man and her own place of nesting. She wouldn't begrudge the youngest of her brood this right the Almighty had given to every living creature on earth. She had given Emmy and her peddler good words of farewell and kind wishing at parting, with the work of her hands as wedding gifts. She was glad to remember this morning that she had done right by Emmy even though she had taken her all of a sudden. A wonderly thing it was she had had sense enough to make out for supper.

She took up her dishes and carried them to the shelf under the window that looked down No-End Hollow way. It was pretty this time of year, with the willows and sycamores marching down the creek and the dark green tops of the pine trees pointing up the steep slope of Near-Side-and-Far.

A cool ferny smell came in to her through the open window. Not a glass window, just a shuttered hole, that could be closed to the cold, and opened wide to sunshine and fair weather. She had always liked to work here. Wes, her husband, had made this window especially for her after they were married. At first he had seen no sense to it. They had *one* window, hadn't they? No house in No-End Hollow had more. There was no use in being upity with new-fangled notions like that. She had cried then, she remembered: "I want to see something while I'm at work besides a blank wall!" And Wes next day had made the window above the shelf in the kitchen. Through it she had looked down No-End Hollow for over fifty years.

The breakfast dishes were washed now. Not many hand turns were needed to tend to the house. She smoothed up her fat feather bed. She wouldn't sleep on a straw tick even in summer. Old bones lie easier on a soft bed. Her arms were short to

spread the faded Rising Sun cover and she smoothed it with a broom stick, a trick she had learned when a girl from her mammy, who had taught housekeeping to seven daughters. The sand-scrubbed floors needed this morning the barest swish of a broom and a few licks would redd up the ash-littered hearth. With this stint of work behind her, Granny Turner looked about and wondered what else to do. It was early yet. The sun plank in the floor of the kitchen told her that it was not yet nine. A long day stretched ahead. What to do—what to do? The whole morning waited—and then the afternoon and night. She had no cow to be fed and milked. They had sold Old Bossy after she went dry in the winter. No pig grunted in its pen. They had butchered their one pig last fall. There were chickens, though. Emmy's old white hen had a flock of half-feathered babies which wandered from the coop at times. She went out the kitchen door and down the holly-hock bordered path that led to the sunny corner where a plaintive "yep-yep!" told her that a diddler had strayed. She followed him through the crab grass with a keen lookout for danger in the form of a snake. She had killed a rattler not far from here one day last summer. The stray chick was wedged in a crack in the palings. With careful and comforting hands she rescued him and bore him away, smiling a little at his comical, half-naked body with its feathery fringe which the morning breeze blew every-which-a-way.

Chickens and babies were a lot alike, Granny fell to thinking, and you had to raise 'em with your heart and hand. If you liked young helpless things you didn't mind the hard work so much—and Lord-Above knew there was plenty in raising chickens and young ones, too. She had done her share in her day, with good luck and ill luck too, which was to be expected. She had no room to complain much. Five out of six children had grown to be men and women. Bill, the oldest one, was High Sheriff of the County. Wes, the only book-learned one, had turned out a Circuit Rider. Cordie had married early and had thirteen children now, but so far her man had proved himself able to feed them all and that was a blessing. Jeff had died of lung trouble back in April and now his children down Glowrie Glen way were living

all alone, for the mother had died a long while back.

She would go down there this morning, she planned, pleased at the sudden notion. Nothing to tie her here at home. It would be a lonesome day unless a neighbor happened in to ask about Emmy's wedding, and she had no mind to gossip about that. Yes, she would spend the day with Jeff's young ones and see how they fared. All the kin and some of the neighbors thought it a sin and a shame for the young ones to live there all by themselves, and thought they ought to be put out with any one who would take them for board and keep. But so far the young ones had been let alone as they vowed and declared they wanted to be. Becky was might-nigh a woman, fifteen now and going on, with a full grown body's turn at managing the home place. She looked after Jeff and Jessie pret-nigh as well as their mammy could have done.

She set about making ready for departure. It took a little time to do that. But a clean frock and apron she must have. She never went abroad from home without a change, even on week days. Should she wear her go-to-meeting bennet of black sateen? The week-day blue was sort of limp from being caught out in a rain. Yes, the black bonnett looked decenter. And now for her blue checked apron fresh from the Monday wash, hanging behind the door.

All ready! She went for a peep into the looking glass. Humph! She was witness to forget. Emmy had taken it with her.

She must take the young ones a present, she thought. She never went empty-handed to see any of her kin. It would tickle them to pieces to have the rest of that stack cake she had baked last night in such a hurry. Emmy and Step-Along had been too excited to eat much of anything, even a piece of wedding cake. She went to the corner cupboard and got it out. How good it looked, a rich molasses brown with dark red huckleberry jam oozing between the thick layers. It would pleasure the young ones a sight. They would have to keep an eye on Jeff or he would cram himself sick. Her round egg basket was just big enough to hold the cake and would tote light on her arm. Ready to go. The outside latch of the door clicked

behind her. The yard gate creaked and swung shut again. She took the down-hill trail.

No-End Hollow curled about the foot of the highest mountain in the long range that folks said ran out of Tennessee into North Carolina State. Maybe No-End Hollow went that-a-way. If it did it was bound to make many a bend. The rocky trail took another turn before it reached the clearing which somebody long time ago had named Glowrie Glen. A lovesome spot it was sure-enough, thought Granny Turner as she came in sight of it, and halted a minute for breath. There was the clearing nestled close to the elbow crook of the mountain, with the double cabin standing sturdy and strong for all its hundred years.

Nobody in sight!—a wonderly thing. They ought to be hoeing the patches of corn and beans that spread from the very edge of the yard a-ways up the mountainside. Somebody was at home anyway. She heard the sound of voices—several folks all wagging their tongues. What was going on anyway? A good smell met her at the gate, the smell of hot food. Dinner! Her mouth watered at the thought of food. The long walk had made her hungry. Her old knees trembled, her legs felt tired, but she made her last steps steady to take her up to the kitchen door.

"Howdy, folks!"

"The Great Forever!"

"My body and soul!"

"How did you get here?"

The crowd around the table jumped up when they saw her at the door. There were Bill and Wes and Cordie! and four of Cordie's young ones! They all gathered about her, and the dog came from under the table and set up his bow-wow. A terrible hip-and-hurrah.

Becky it was who recovered her wits to give her a proper welcome with a hearty hug and a kiss on both cheeks.

"Come sit yourself down, Granny." And have some dinner—make yourself at home. You're a sight for sore eyes," she added, as she took the black bonnet and put it away.

Then they all began together to ask her questions. Had she walked all the way? How was her rheumatism? Why hadn't Emmy come along with her? Had she heard about this meeting they were having today?

"Give me breath!" Granny said to them, waving the whole bunch from her. "I used pret-nigh all that I had traipsing down No-End Hollow. The sight of you-all here carries me away. I can see you are having a meeting, but I never arrived to attend it for I had no word about it."

Pill, Wes and Cordie explained. They had met to see about the children. Something had to be done with them. They couldn't stay here forever, all by themselves. It wasn't right or seemly.

"We're doing well enough," up spoke Becky, her black eyes flashing from face to face, filled with tears as she looked at Granny.

Jeff leaned against the door and braced himself. "This is our home place," he muttered. "We got a right to stay here. We don't want to be divided. I mean to stay and look after my crop. Nobody needs to take me. If they do I'll run away back home." How much he looked like his father, Granny thought, with his red hair springing in a fiery brush above his head.

"I'll run, too," up piped Jessie. "I've got to look after my hollyhocks." Her pretty lips pouted. Pretty as a blossom, thought Granny.

"Now, now, remember your manners!" Becky cautioned the younger ones. Granny saw that she was trying not to break down and cry out loud.

"A word fitly spoken"—she remembered these words she had heard from the Good Book. A fifteen word she had ready now, a word of interruption.

"Come on and finish your dinners," she bade them, speaking to them all as their mother, "and I'll give you a bite of wedding cake to sweeten you up a little."

"Wedding?"

"Wedding!"

"Who?—when?"

Well, she reckoned, she had 'em started after another track now. In the middle of the explanations she glimpsed Becky's face across the room. By the white, cared look still on it, Granny knew she was paying no attention to her tale. Poor Becky, poor little child-woman, with her heart so set on mothering and keeping the young ones together.

They had all sat down around the table again,

and Becky began passing the vittles in a mannerly way.

"Have a piece of chicken, Uncle Bill. Jeff, pass the gravy to Uncle Wes. You are out of bread, Aunt Cordie." But she saw to her granny's plate herself, giving her a meaty piece of breast, and a hot cup of sassafras tea well sweetened with white sugar—the latter a treat in honor of the company. "Long sweetening"—sorghum molasses—was used ordinarily.

"A good meal, Becky," Granny said so that all could hear. "I never saw the way you take to household managing like a plumb grown person."

Pecky behind her caught her breath. The tongues that were clacking away about the wedding surprise stopped, and they all looked in one direction. Granny locked down at her plate.

"Anybody who can make as good bread as this can keep her family from starving. Folks can get along right well as long as they're rightly fed."

Another long breath from Becky behind her. Becky had good understanding. She would catch on right away, Granny thought. She would get it through her head that somebody was taking her part.

Wes coughed and quoted from Scripture: "Men shall not live by bread alone." Bread, even good bread for the body, is not enough. And why—why not? Because of this: bodies have souls. We mustn't forget that."

"And don't you forget that you ain't in Big Meeting," Granny said dryly, taking another bite and never raising her head. Wes needn't think he could call her down if she wanted to brag on Becky. When he was around fifteen years old he had got switched nearly every day for slinking out of his home stints.

But now Becky was speaking: "We read a chapter in the Bible on Sunday and say Our Father every day."

"Lord love ye, honey!" Granny blessed her. Then there was a little silence round the table.

At last Cordie spoke and changed the subject on which they all were thinking.

"What are you going to do?" she asked Granny. "Now that Emmy is gone, I mean. You can't stay all by yourself away up there in the hollow."

"I can if I want to," Granny told her. "I manage to get along with a whole passel o' you young

ones to look atter when your pappy left me. It'll be a sight easier to look atter my own self."

Silence again. Then Bill put in: "I'd be mighty proud to have you under my own roof now or any other time."

Granny nodded. "Mighty-much obliged, Son. If my rheumatism keeps getting better, I may mosey down around Thanksgiving to spend the day."

Bill's big laugh filled the room. He leaned back in his chair and looked across the table at her. "You're a hen-headed woman. Bound to have your own say-so, and go your own way."

Granny nodded. "That's because I have always found that my own opinion suited me better than the ones other people wanted to give away."

Everybody laughed. She would have the last word. And now they rose from the table. Granny and the menfolks went to the porch outside the kitchen room to smoke their pipes. Aunt Cordie lingered to help Becky with the dishes.

About the middle of the afternoon, Bill said that he must be going for he had to stop and attend a trial on his way back home. Wes had to start on his way to Wild Plum Valley for he was to preach at the meeting-house there by early candle-light. Cordie rounded up the young ones that she had brought along with her, wondering aloud in worriment about the nine left at home. Granny got her bonnet, put it on and sat down again. The time had come for more speaking. She wanted things settled then and there. Were the children to have their home here in the house in Glowlie Glen, or would the kinfolks take them, break up the family, scatter them out here and yon? Bad, too bad that would be, she thought. Much better to leave them alone to work, struggle

and play together. They would love one another more in the years to come. That was the way she saw it. But could she outface the others—Bill with the law; Wes with the Bible; Cordie with her long tongue? Maybe she could—maybe not. She had talked real sassy at dinner, but she didn't feel so upitty now. Her flesh seemed to quiver on her bones and her heart sank, but her head held up. She must see through what was coming. A notion came to her. They meant to go on home, Bill, Wes, and Cordie, today, and settle this matter later when they all got to themselves, and she wasn't along. It shouldn't be. She would speak up now and make them declare their intentions right out.

"Scmething," she cried, "something is a-bound to be done about these children for good and all. I'm right smart bothered about it."

Bill looked at Wes; Wes looked at Bill; both looked at their sister Cordie. But before they could speak out Becky appeared and standing by Granny, faced the others.

"I am much obliged—we are much obliged to you-all for coming today to see about us," she said, head high, though her voice was a-tremble. "You-all can see how well we are doing here by ourselves," she went on, "and I reckon we'd do some better if Granny would stay a spell with us." She put a hand on Granny's shoulder. The others waited for Granny to speak. Granny untied her bonnet.

"I believe I will," she said, "if somebody will bring my feather bed down the Hollow, and my chickens too. I can't forsake them, for they need looking atter as well as these young ones. All young things," she added, "need looking atter. That makes home—that makes home."

Pretty Fair Miss

Slowly

1. A pretty fair Miss All in a gar-den, A brave young sol-dier came rid-ing by; He
rode and he rode un-til he came to pretty fair Miss, And said, "Pret-ty fair Miss, won't you mar-ry me?"

NEWS NOTES•••

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE ON COOPERATION

The first Southeastern Conference on Cooperation was held at Greenville, South Carolina, May 18-20. The topic, "Educating People to Help Themselves," and the fact that Rev. J. D. Nelson MacDonald of Baddeck, Nova Scotia, was the headline speaker, recommended the conference most highly.

The surprisingly large attendance of 273 represented thirteen states and four foreign countries. There were twenty-four or more present from the Southern Mountain area. Ellsworth M. Smith, of the Adult Education Cooperative Project of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, was a member of the steering committee.

Mr. E. R. Bowen, Executive Secretary of the Cooperative League of the U.S.A., traced the development of the cooperative movement throughout the world from its beginnings in Rochdale, England, ninety-five years ago. A group of impoverished weavers tried to gain security by political organization and by labor organization. Failing at both, they adopted the idea of organizing their purchasing power as consumers. Out of their meager efforts grew the world-wide movement of 100,000,000 members today. In England alone there are 8,000,000 members doing their own billion-and-a-quarter dollars worth of business a year. In Denmark, cooperative farmers are secure and prospering as owners of their land, while in the United States we have 42 per cent tenancies. Throughout the world persons and families have through cooperative organization learned to perform for themselves every kind of service at financial savings, with cultural results that have made them respected and self-respecting, economically free and democratic. Purchasing power has been broadly distributed and extremes of wealth and poverty have gradually disappeared.

It was to learn of these great gains made by peoples all over the world, people of all races, religions, political creeds and economic conditions, that the Greenville conference was held. It was hoped that our people, thus informed, might find

the ideas and loyalties to improve their own circumstances through their own group democratic efforts.

The Conference cordially welcomed a large group of Negro delegates. The spirit between the races was excellent in every respect.

Dr. J. D. Nelson MacDonald, a Protestant minister of the United Church of Canada, told of the study-group movement that this winter brought together 1200 groups of neighbors, farmers, fishermen, miners and steel workers for study without teachers, and which has in fourteen years gone a long way toward eliminating both poverty and radicalism in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island.

Dr. Arthur Raper, of Agnes Scott College, spoke of economic and social conditions and problems in the Southeast. "We must get some new means of relating men to means of sustenance. We have worked out superior means of taking care of people thrown out by an inferior system. The cooperative movement grows out of the exigencies of the time. The challenge is to forget the dead past."

Murray D. Lincoln, of the Ohio Farm Bureau Cooperatives, told of their cooperative fertilizer business which brought the cost of fertilizer down 40 per cent; of the automobile insurance cooperative which brought costs down 40 per cent, and of the gasoline and oil cooperatives which have been similarly effective. "Through these various businesses everyone works a noble brotherhood. Wherever exploitation of people takes place, it is with the people's own money."

Cooperative medical plans were discussed by Dr. Kingsley Roberts of the Bureau of Cooperative Medicine; Credit Unions, by a panel directed by C. R. Orchard, of the Farm Credit Administration; and the work of various cooperative enterprises in the Southeast were reported.

Sentiment was expressed for a continuance of the Conference organization, for a listing of all credit union and cooperation enterprises in the area, and for the establishment of a Southern Cooperative League.

The Adult Education Cooperative office of the

Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, Berea, Kentucky, seeks to serve as a clearing house for the mountain area. Over 300 pamphlets and books are on file. A bibliography of materials for loan and sale is being prepared. In the meantime write in to share your interests and problems. Twenty-four-page summaries of the Greenville Conference can be secured at cost through our office if enough desire them.

E. M. S.

* * *

Marginal Population Study

The State of Virginia, through its State Planning Board and Advisers, is beginning active work on the problem of the marginal population in that state. A research was made, report of which appears in a circular entitled "Roots of Poverty." On this report centered the study and interest of a meeting in Richmond, March 31. A group of about fifty persons representing the leaders in the state in the field of social and population problems met with the aim of uniting their best thought and effort in formulating constructive measures for dealing with Virginia's marginal population problem and checking undesirable trends in this field. The following committees were named to make further study and report at a later meeting.

Education Committee: Dr. A. L. Bennett, Superintendent, Alleghany County Schools

Economics Committee: Mr. W. N. Neff, Member, General Assembly and Board of Education

Differential Birth-rate Committee: Dr. Dabney Lancaster, Secretary of Board, Sweetbriar College

Standards of Living and Housing, Health: Mrs. Ben Wailes, Chairman, Virginia Tenancy Committee

Subcommittee on Housing: Col. R. B. H. Begg, Department of Civil Engineering, Virginia Polytechnic Institute

Subcommittee on Health: Mrs. E. G. Currin, Health Chairman, Virginia Federation of Home Demonstration Clubs

Subcommittee on Standards of Living (including nutrition): Miss Mary Settle, Director, Virginia Farm Security Administration

Committee on Church Aids: Bishop F. D. Goodwin, Virginia Diocese Episcopal Church

Committee on Special Negro Aspects of Marginal Problems: Dr. J. M. Gandy, President, Virginia State College for Negroes.

Peabody Curriculum Conference

In cooperation with the Department of Supervisors and Directors of Instruction of the National Education Association, George Peabody College for Teachers announces a curriculum conference on "Rural Life and the Curriculum," to be held at Nashville, Tennessee, July 27-29, 1939. "The purpose of the conference is to learn how the quality of rural life may be improved and the part the school may play in this process." Panel and discussion leaders include representatives of colleges and universities, state departments of education, normal schools, state welfare departments, church welfare agencies, federal government agencies, state and regional health agencies, organized farmers, state agricultural agencies, conservation departments, folk schools, and the press. Discussions for the various days will center around the quality of life in rural America, rural educational leadership, economic opportunities in rural America, and the education of the rural teacher.

Penland's Tenth Anniversary

The Penland School of Handicrafts, Penland, North Carolina, is holding this summer a special, longer institute in celebration of its tenth birthday. There will be three sessions of three weeks each, starting June 26 and ending August 26, in which the work is so planned as to be progressive for anyone able to stay the entire summer, or suitable for those able to attend only one or two sessions. Work is given in weaving, metal crafts, shoe-making, pottery, spinning, basketry. Edward F. Worsts will teach the weaving during the last session; other craft teachers include William Emerson Manzer, Edward Matthews, and Ruth Brennan. Those interested may secure a booklet giving full details by writing to the school.

Christmas Folk Dance School

A second Christmas vacation folk dance school, to be held at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky, is being planned for the last week of December. Miss May Gadd, Director of the English Folk Dance

per-
onal
lege
ence
be
939.

how
l the
Panel
s of
edu-
ents,
ment

or-
con-
ress.
ound
educa-
rural
cher.

land,
pecial,
day.
each,
which
e for
itable
sions.
mak-
d F.
t ses-
erson
nnan.
g full

school,
ky, is
. Miss
Dance

Ju

an
in
the

H

at
ne
Sp
the
rac

3-
rep
ing

C

An
Po
an
-co
joy
tie
an
sit
sec
40

Ca

op
he
me
an
the

and Song Society of America, will again be the instructor. Further details will be published in the October number.

Highlander Summer Session

A Workshop for Student Writers will be held at the Highlander Folk School, Monteagle, Tennessee, for a two-week period beginning August 21. Sponsored by the League of American Writers, there will be classes in drama, short story, poetry, radio script, labor publicity and journalism.

The regular summer session of the school, July 1-August 13, will be featured by addresses "by representatives of labor unions and other outstanding southerners."

* * *

Camp for Folk Dancers

The English Folk Dance and Song Society of America will again hold a summer camp at Long Pond, near Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts, to give any interested person an opportunity to study country, morris and sword dances while also enjoying swimming, hiking, and other camp activities. The dates are August 12-26, and beginners and advanced dancers are welcome to come for either or both weeks. More information may be secured from the office of the society, 15 East 40th Street, New York City.

Cooperative Conference Tour

August 21-September 2 the third annual Cooperative Conference-Tour of Nova Scotia will be held under the auspices of the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, and the Cooperative League of America. Preceding the tour of twenty or more communities will be a

three-day conference led by Dr. J. J. Tompkins, Dr. M. M. Coady, Mr. A. B. McDonald, Sister Marie Michael, and others of the St. Francis Xavier Extension staff. Full particulars concerning the tour may be secured from the Cooperative League of the U.S.A., 167 West 12th Street, New York City.

Country Life Association

"What's Ahead for Rural America" is announced as the general theme for the 1939 meeting of the American Country Life Association, to be held at the Pennsylvania State College, August 30-September 2. There will be discussion on the questions "What's ahead in the relation of the farm group to labor and industry?" and "How can we advance the idea of 'continuing education' in rural America?" The committee promises a new departure in the special attention which is to be given to the development of native rural culture such as folk games, folk drama, music, painting, and the literature of rural life as found in the United States, Canada, and Denmark.

Recreation Congress

October 9-13 are the dates for the twenty-fourth annual Recreation Congress, to be held this year at Boston, Massachusetts. The program will be devoted to a series of discussion groups and addresses on important topics by outstanding speakers. There will be opportunity for delegates to consult with experts in many phases of recreation, and for inspection of the latest literature in this field. Dr. John Finley of the *New York Times* will preside over the Congress. Further information may be secured from Mr. T. E. Rivers, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City.